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Far, far back in the dim, dark ages before history began, the truth was known. But with the earliest civilizations and the beginning ability of some men to acquire power and possessions beyond the average, knowledge of that truth began to fade. Women could be possessions, too, and as such their desires were of lesser importance than they had been. Not until the most recent times and the advent of effective birth control did it once again become widely known that women, ordinary every-day women, were as loaded with lust as the horniest male.

Women dream — and daydream — about fucking. Even at work, they sit at their desks with their thighs clamped tight together and imagine themselves receiv-

ing the thrusts of potent cocks. They glance at the men beside them at work or at play and, in their minds, those men are stripped for intimate examination.

They also boast openly about their affairs and their sexual desires. Some of us men remember when female virginity was considered the ideal. Today it is considered an absurdity. The antique beast, leashed by men for a dozen thousand years, has been freed by the pill and is prowling for her prey. She will take it as she wants it and where she finds it, in whatever shape her whim desires at the moment — which is why lesbianism, or what passes for it, is on the rise. Only her need counts now and the wise men will not stand between her and her pleasures. ●

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FILM #112 JANA'S DREAMS OF LUST



FILM #40F LISA AND DOMINIQUE

FILM #412: TARA'S DREAMS OF LUST



Each of us dreams a lustful dream now and then. For most of us, now and then comes along frequently and even during our waking hours. What man, looking at a woman he has never met before — or even one he's known most of his life, if he hasn't fucked her — doesn't strip her in his mind and imagine her sweet mouth sucking gently on his cock or her firm thighs wrapped around his body as he

screws her? Lust, and the imaginary images it awakens, is one of the characteristics that separates us from the lower animals, whose sexual drives have to be triggered by the scent of a female in heat. With humans it's a constant thing and, if we are males, we proceed on the assumption that all females are always in heat. From what we've learned in recent years about female behavior, that assumption may well be correct.

At least it is in the case of Tara. The term "bitch in heat" might be used to describe her, except for the fact that Tara is a long way from

being a bitch. She has been kind to many of the men she's known and has never taken advantage of their male weaknesses except in one regard; she's worn out a good number of them and, on occasion, several at one time.

And like men, Tara often dreams lustful dreams. She dreams them awake as well as while sleeping and, either way, she dreams them in living color. Often Tara's dreams are so real to her that she can actually feel the physical sensations of the activities she is dreaming of, which can be a real trip for a

gal as sexually oriented as Tara. It isn't at all unusual for Tara to have multiple orgasms while in a dream about a well-cocked lad, or one with an agile tongue.

The "agile tongue" is probably Tara's favorite dream bit and she works it for all it's worth. Her dream men can lick pussy far more tenderly and for longer periods of time than any real life male and they absolutely adore doing it. Sometimes she has several of them taking turns on her and that's when the orgasms come thick and fast. True, there have been times when Tara





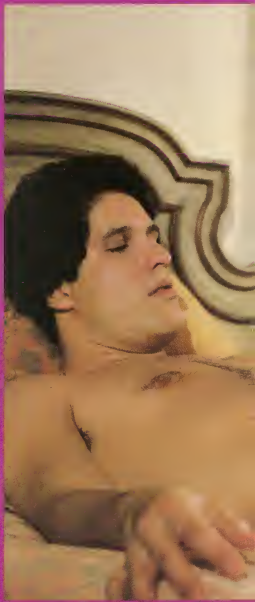
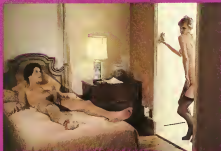


has had to help herself along with a finger, but most of the time her imagination is enough to do the job

But occasionally Tara gets tired of having all the fun and dreams about getting men off with little more pleasure for herself than knowledge of a job well done. It was a dream of this

son which overtook Tara in her bath the other day.

It started out as her ordinary erotic dream, ordinary for Tara in that it was so intense that she could actually feel the firm bodies of the men she imagined having it with. Her imagination gave them almost flesh and blood, so that she could feel the











thick cock of one of the men filling her cunt as he fucked her in her bathtub, her vivid imagination even supplied the hot rush of cum spurting deep inside her. When the other dream male replaced the first and began fucking her in turn, she could feel her cunt tissues clasp his hard cock and trying to draw him in deeper. But as sometimes happens in a work of fiction, when the characters get away from the writer and begin acting on their own these two dream studs began to dominate Tara, to dictate her actions and lead her into areas of sex play that she was unaccustomed to. Eerily, she could sense her dream figures winning her over to their own version of what sex play should be, feel their fingers stroking and penetrating in a place where she ordinarily did not allow penetration. And the men were guiding their huge cocks toward her face, her mouth. They were inviting Tara to suck them off, to taste the pungency of their cum. Much to Tara's surprise, she was warming to the idea.

Ordinarily, Tara was not a cocksucker. She loved men; their muscled bodies and their hard cocks. She loved the feel of those cocks in her hands and inside her pussy. She loved the firm, muscled feel of men locked in her thighs. But she didn't like to suck cock.

She frantically loved the feel of a man's head between her thighs and his hungry tongue licking and lapping at her sensitive places. She adored having a man suck her labia into his mouth, one at a time, while his tongue ran deep into that hot cleft between her legs. She went wild with ecstasy when his attentions finally shifted to the center of all



her lustful being and his tongue made collision with her clit. From that moment on her memories always dimmed as orgasms took over, whether the tongue doing the job was a real one or

a dream tongue. But Tara was completely turned off by the thought of a cock in her mouth.

Most of the time.

There were those rare occasions when Tara felt the









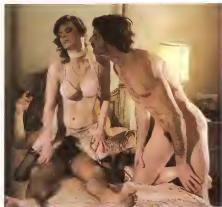




need to be fully taken, in every way, by one or more men. Since dream men gave her almost as much pleasure as the real thing, and with no risks whatsoever involved, almost all of Tara's cocksucking had been of the dream variety.

Now, suddenly, she found herself leading her two dream studs from her bath by their imaginary hands to her comfortable bed. There were things she wanted them to do to her that could not be comfortably accomplished in a bathtub, or even the entire bathroom. It's difficult to suck off two studs at once while submerged in water.

Their hands were on her body, as she lay there stroking those two gorgeous cocks back into full erection. They had been hard as rocks only minutes earlier, but expending their energies and a good deal of cum in her cunt had taken some of the steam out of them. Tara's vibrant hands were accomplishing the restoration process at a pretty good pace as the men crouched at her head. When she rubbed the heads of





their cocks in turn against her soft cheeks she could feel them shudder in her hands and swell ominously, as though they were about to fire a double salvo again.

These were dream cocks, though and Tara now had them under pretty good control. They'd gotten away from her during the fucking until her orgasms had ended but now, though sweat still beaded her face and body, her mind was rational again and her dream totally under control. She turned her head to the right and pulled the cock there closer as her lips parted. The tip of her tongue slipped out and flicked at the hole in the cockhead. Her hand felt it shudder at the sharp sensation. She felt the other cock twitching for attention so her head lolled in that direction and her tongue rendered similar treatment.

Now she was working at the cocks with her lips, each in turn, occasionally tasting them with her tongue and relishing the flavors there. Each was still wet with her pussy juice and the mingled cum of the two loads that had been fired into her cunt and Tara imagined that she could taste the differing flavors. The cum of one stud was sharper, more acid, but there was no way of knowing which man it was. They had fucked her in turn and the first stud to come had gone back into her with his cock while the second was resting from his efforts. But soon she would be able to identify them for certain. She was going to suck both of them off, each in turn, feel the hot cum filling her mouth, savor it as she swallowed it slowly.

Now the two cocks were grown even larger and more firm, beginning to throb a bit, thrusting at her lips and demanding entrance. It was







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With a sigh, Tara's eyes
parted and a cock slid deep
between them. She pressed
her tongue against it,
tightened her lips and
sucked gently, coaxing it
deeper, coiled her tongue to
drive the sensations home,
relaxed as he began to slowly
thrust. Fucking her in the
face. Fucking her in the
mouth. Using her mouth as
a cunt for his pleasure.

And as she sucked she
could feel the cock of the
other man quiver in her
hand. Her eyes were closed,
but in her dream she could
sense that the second man
was watching intently the
first being sucked off and
imagining himself the intensi-
fying sensations as orgasm
approached.

Tara sucked harder, in-
creased the pressure of her
lips as they formed a ring of
compressing muscle im-
prisoning that cock in the
wetness of her mouth,
making it force its way in and
out as the man she was suck-
ing off increased the intensi-
ty of his thrusts. Her
tongue, too, was pressing





hard against the shaft of the cock she was sucking, massaging it, coaxing it to greater effort, driving waves of ever increasing pleasure deep into its rigid muscle.

Then the thrusts into her mouth suddenly stopped. The cock seemed to swell slightly, grow more rigid — and exploded into her mouth. Hot, rich, acrid. Yes, now she knew which cock it was. The flavor was unmistakable. She smiled and swallowed, then relaxed her lips so that the cock popped from her mouth and the last few spurts splattered across her lips. She had finished one of her dream men, drained him dry. Now she would rest for a few moments and savor the sensations she had evoked and received. Then it would be the turn of the other cock.

Tara could feel a fluttering in her belly than ran down deep into the levels of her cunt. She had been almost ready to come herself. And from just sucking a man off. An act that usually she avoided. Maybe the second cock would do the job for her.

She went for it hungrily, eyes open, meeting those of the man whose cock was waiting for her. It was longer and more powerful than the first cock, and darker. So was it a man with some African ancestry she was sucking off? Her dreams sometimes played strange tricks on her, not that she was at all prejudiced. But she had never fucked or sucked a black man in real life and, if this one actually was black, there would be a special thrill to her cocksucking.

Now, however, her concentration was on the cock filling her mouth and what she was doing to it. She was sucking it as deep as possible, squeezing it as tightly





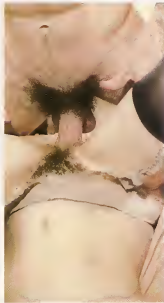
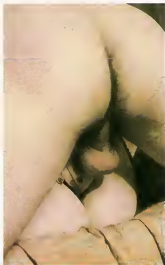


as she could with her lips. Her tongue was coiling around the shaft of it, coaxing greater pleasures from and for it. How strange that she had never before appreciated the pleasures a woman could gain from having a stiff cock in her mouth. Never before had she so thoroughly sensed the power of a man. What would he do... how would he react... if she chewed on his cock a bit?

At the first gentle touch of her teeth the cock bucked in her mouth. She could feel strong fingers twisting her hair, holding her head steady. Then the power of the thrusts into her mouth increased and she was totally out of control. Her mouth, with a life of its own was sucking and chewing and trying to take the entire length of that great cock in. The fluttering in her cunt was an agony waiting to be released and then the full flood of orgasm, more intense than any she could remember. Her entire body













was writhing, throbbing. The fingers of her left hand were locked in a death grip on the cock she had just finished sucking. The cock in her mouth was in full eruption. Cum was filling her mouth, spurring from between her clamped lips and the cock they held. She had to swallow frantically to keep from choking.

The spasms in her cunt eased and the muscles of Tara's body began to relax.

The dream cocks slipped from her hands and her mouth and the dream men faded into memories as Tara's eyes finally opened again. She was still in her tub, although the water had grown cool. Better get out and towel herself dry, then off to a good night's sleep. Tara stretched, yawned, licked her lips. Licked and wondered at the musky, acrid taste of the cum that lingered there. ●



FILM #402: LISA AND DOMINIQUE

A casual observer (although who could be casual while watching

Dominique and Lisa work on each other?) might get the wrong idea from watching these two gals at play. Yes, it would be very easy to misread them as just another pair of lesbian gals doing their thing together and let it go at that. After all, just about everyone has had the chance to watch a pair of sweet young things put each other's pussies to the torch with hungry tongues. The sight is interesting, arousing to the senses and could probably be considered educational. But there's always the thought that such gals will turn a man down flat after lighting a fire under his balls and charging his cock to rock like hardness. Lesbians much prefer the pleasures other women can bring and seldom bestow their favors on men.

Such is not the case with Lisa and Dominique. Their problem — and their solution for it — stems from another source. And that source is one of the hardest, thickest and longest enduring cocks west of the Mississippi River. They willingly share the cock of a lad named Johnathan, a lad who stirs their juices so thoroughly that they share the same pad and the same bed with their man, shower with him together and spread their bodies together so that he may use them as his whim dictates. He's enough for both of them and more — but it's the "more" that sets the stage for their apparent lesbian behavior.

Every so often their man feels the need for more sex and of a wider variety than the gals can deliver and, with or without their permission, goes off to find it with other





women. That leaves Lisa and Dominique alone in that spacious apartment with nothing to console them but the memory of their lover's cock — and their own inventiveness. Which got them into the situation here depicted. Imagine what it did to their libidos, discussing (for want of anything better to do) what they would have been doing had their man been present.

It was the discussion that set them off, all the talk about what his cock felt like, filling their cunts and mouths. Within moments they were hot as two dollar pistols, their sweet pussies ready to snap at anything resembling a cock that came along. And what is a healthy gal to do when she absolutely has to get laid and there isn't a man in the house? She does what





comes naturally, particularly when there's an equally hot and willing gal beside her.

Hot mouths on aching nipples began the experiment — and increased the frustrations. Nimble fingers groped for moist and intimate flesh and hungry

tongues followed those fingers. Within minutes Lisa was discovering that cunt juices could taste just as good as extract of cock. Dominique was learning that, when she closed her eyes, Lisa's tongue was as lively in her slot as any man's

had ever been, even that of their joint lover. By the time they had switched positions, their thoughts of their lover man were beginning to fade and be replaced by no thoughts at all. What gal can think when a hot tongue is driving her to sensational

orgasms?

Johnathon, when he returns from his latest adventure, may discover that his cock may no longer be the most important thing in the lives of his ladies. ●





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